

# Acta Victoriana

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*June :*

1. Public and Separate School Boards to appoint representatives on the High School Entrance Boards of Examiners.
- By-law to alter School boundaries—last day of passing.
7. University Commencement.
12. Senior Matriculation Examination in Arts, Toronto University, begins.
21. Provincial Normal Schools close (Second Term).
26. High School Entrance Examination begins.
28. High, Public and Separate Schools, close.
29. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
- Trustees' Reports to Truant Officers, due.

*July :*

1. DOMINION DAY.  
Trustees to report to Inspectors regarding Continuation classes.  
Last day for establishing new High Schools by County Councils.  
Legislative grant payable to Treasurers.
2. District Certificate, Junior and Senior Teachers' and University Matriculation Examinations, Commercial Specialist and Art Specialist Examinations begin.
10. Inspectors' Reports on Continuation classes, due.

*August :*

1. Inspectors' Reports on School premises, due.
- Notice by Trustees to Municipal Councils, respecting indigent children, due.
- Estimates from School Boards to Municipal Councils for assessment for School purposes, due.
- High School Trustees to certify to County Treasurers the amount collected from county pupils.
19. Rural, Public and Separate Schools open.
24. Applications for admission to County Model Schools to Inspectors, due.

*September :*

2. LABOR DAY.
3. High Schools (First Term), and Public and Separate Schools in cities, towns, and incorporated villages open.
- County Model Schools open.
10. Provincial Normal Schools open. (First Term).

*October :*

1. Night Schools open (Session 1907-8).  
Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due.

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MAURICE HUTTON, M.A., LL.D.



# Acta Victoriana

*Published monthly during the College year by the Union  
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto*

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*No 7.*

*Maurice Hutton, M.A., LL.D.*

ONE feels acutely, in writing about Principal Hutton, the necessity of being excused from attempting an appreciation of him (in the sense in which Walter Pater used the word)—from attempting either to praise him or to blame him—because there are so few who are competent to do either. And even were that not so, there would be something superfluous in praising him before the readers of ACTA VICTORIANA. "O son of Tydeus, praise me not, nor blame me, for thou speakest before the Greeks who know me." To praise Principal Hutton in these pages would be to praise him before the Greeks who know him. The following sketch of him, therefore, will be merely biographic, presenting a short, ungarnished account of his life.

Maurice Hutton (he has no other given name) was born at the unclassic manufacturing metropolis of Northern England, Manchester, in the year 1856. He is, therefore, at the present time only 51 years of age, a fact which "reverence and the silver hair" have tended somewhat to obscure. His father was the Rev. Joseph Henry Hutton, a Unitarian minister, who afterwards joined the Church of England, and was for many years rector of West Hesterton, Yorks; his uncle was the famous Richard Holt Hutton, editor and guiding spirit of the London *Spectator* in the flower of its days, biographer of Scott in the English Men of Letters series, and the close friend of Walter Bagehot. Principal Hutton, therefore, it may be seen, comes of the very best English intellectual stock. After a youth spent, presumably, like the youth of most other English school boys, at

Magdalen College School, Oxford, he was matriculated in the year 1875 at Oxford, after winning in 1874 an open scholarship at Worcester College. His "Mods" he passed in 1877 with first-class honors. He then entered the final Classical School, or the School of *Literae Humaniores* (as the Oxonian calls it), and again gained first-class honors on his graduation in 1879. First-class honors, let it be remembered, are a much greater achievement at Oxford than at Toronto. In the first place the standard is higher, and in the second place the examination (if we are to believe our authorities) is severer.

"In devising that final ordeal in Classics (at Oxford), English scholarship must have been aided by the devil. Mere cleverness will not avail; as little will mere knowledge. Brilliant men fail for lack of reading; dull men for lack of talent. Candidate after candidate who goes in smilingly sure of victory, emerges from the fiery furnace cowed, seathed, scarred, and cruelly burned, to ruminate on the heart-breaking follies of ambition. The written tests are planned to try all weak places, but if there be any doubts left of the candidate's capacity, they are child's play to the torture of the *viva voce*. For the examiners are experts in the art of discrimination. Heartlessly patient (as it seems) in bringing the sciolist to grief, they are quick to detect 'the good man,' and for him applaud. To the stammerer the process is a long agony ending in crushing disaster."

This ordeal Principal Hutton navigated *multa cum laude*. In the December after graduation he was elected a Fellow of Merton College—a position which he held, in accordance with the recent statutes of the university, for seven years. The year after his graduation he became lecturer on Classics and Ancient History at Firth College, Sheffield; but his year was not up before he received the appointment of Professor of Classics in University College, Toronto, as successor to Dr. McCaul, the first President of the College. He began his work here in October, 1880. At the time of his entrance upon his professional duties he was hardly 25. There is an impression that co-education had just been introduced at Toronto, and from the impression has grown a legend (obviously apocryphal) that Professor Hutton, fresh from the freshetteless halls of Oxford, and hardly 25, was very nervous about encountering the few "coeds." "Was



it very terrible?" he is fabled to have asked a sympathetic colleague.

In 1885 Professor Hutton married Annie Margaret, the third daughter of Dr. McCaul. After the Affiliation Act of 1887, he was appointed Professor of Greek in University College, and he has filled the chair of Greek in the College from that time to this—a period of twenty years. In 1901, when the position of Principal of University College was created, Professor Hutton was appointed to the position, and became Principal Hutton. In 1906, when the Presidency of the University fell vacant through the resignation of Dr. Loudon, the new Board of Governors of the University, having ascertained that Principal Hutton was not, under the circumstances, a candidate for the vacant position, but was willing to serve the University in any capacity possible, asked him to act as President pending the appointment of a successor to Dr. Loudon. Principal Hutton agreed to their request, and for the past academic year has performed the functions of Acting President of the University.

Such, in outline, has been the life of Principal Hutton. Apart from these incidents, his life has been quiet and uneventful. "lived in an atmosphere of Grecian ἀταραξία." His recreations, he says in the English "Who's Who," are "classical and rhyming translations into Greek and Latin verse, Greek prose, rowing, sailing, and golf." He spends his summers at Lake Joseph, Muskoka, amid the beauties of the rapidly-being-Americanized wilds of Ontario.

Principal Hutton has published nothing, except some occasional articles in the Canadian magazines and *Varsity*. Those who have read (or heard) his articles and addresses (as, for instance, the hopelessly inimitable one on "Schoolmasters" in the February *Queen's Quarterly*) can only regret that he should not have published more. Will not someone induce him to print a volume of his essays? If it were to contain one-half the charm and wit and irony of his addresses to the Freshmen of University College or his speeches at the University College dinners, it would be a certain success.

In church matters Principal Hutton is an Anglican. As for his politics, they are, according to his own description, "antediluvian and prehistoric, beginning with the first Olympiad and ending with the death of Socrates, B.C. 399."

*Some Types of Heroines in Fiction*

NORA LEWIS, '08.

THE casual reading of a few English and American novels suggested a comparison of some types of heroines met with in them, and seemed to show a more or less constant growth in the conception of a heroine distinguished not so much by truly heroic qualities as by the quieter charms of naturalness, good sense and even humor. Theories in such matters are as dangerous as edged tools, but at any rate the paper may serve to recall some pleasant people in the world of fiction.

The princess in the fairy tale, whose character as a rule is somewhat summarily disposed of by her chronicler, when he tells us that "she was as virtuous as she was beautiful," is a fair representative of the earliest and simplest type of heroine—the heroine of the Romance as distinct from the novel of character. She was introduced, not for any interest her character might give her, but simply to bear a certain share of the burden of the story. Her part was to be fallen in love with at the opening of the tale, to suffer more or less during its progress, and finally to be restored to happiness and the hero. We might interchange these heroines among the various stories in which they appear, without any consequent incongruities. They were required by the exigencies of the case to be good and gentle and constant, just as they were invariably beautiful and golden-haired. The Romance has been defined as describing what has never happened nor is likely to happen, and in the same way the heroine of the Romance was not thought of in her relation to the woman in every-day life, but was simply one of the stock characters necessary to the telling of the story.

In the history of English fiction, the Romance, or story of more or less fantastic adventure, was followed by what Taine calls the anti-romantic novel, the novel of every-day life, of which the earliest important examples were the novels of Defoe and Richardson. We see this new conception of the novel in the preface to *Robinson Crusoe*, where Defoe hopes that "there will be no appearance of fiction in it," and with the same purpose Richardson puts his novels in epistolary form, so that his characters, by speaking freely for themselves, may seem more

real and intimate. As the novel develops this realistic tendency, character naturally becomes of more interest than incident. And so we expect the heroine of this new species of fiction to possess some interest apart from her story, to show more or less individuality. Among the heroines of the earlier English novels, there are no pleasanter acquaintances to meet again than Sophia and Olivia, the heroines of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and they will serve as well as any to show the change in the treatment of the heroine. They are beautiful, of course, but the Vicar naïvely assures us that "mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the county." He passes on to a sketch of their characters. "Olivia was often afflicted from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, while a new set of ribbons has given her sister a more than natural vivacity." The two girls "have had a pretty good education and capacity. They can read and write and cast accounts: they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work. They can pink, point and frill, and know something of music. They can do up smallclothes. My eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon cards." He exhibits their little vanities, telling how they delighted in "rufflings, pinkings and patchings," and even in "making a wash for the face over the fire." Instead of the earlier heroine, whose character and appearance literary traditions had made unvarying, Goldsmith has given us in these few lines a picture of two natural and attractive characters, of their daily life, their virtues and their foibles. It is significant in the development of the heroine of fiction that he endows Sophia with so homely a quality as sense, and the even more prosaic attribute of prudence, for "I could not help noticing," says the Vicar, "the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. . . . But I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under

any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune." Mr. Cross, in his book on the development of the English novel, calls them "the nearest approach to real country girls that had yet appeared in the novel." He might, perhaps, have gone further, and said, "the nearest approach to real *girls*."

The novels of Miss Edgeworth were too openly didactic in tone to give us any very life-like type of heroine. However, in holding up to ridicule the various follies and affectations of the young woman of her day, she probably strengthened the tendency toward naturalness in the heroine. "Angelina," for instance, is the story of a girl who, after a long interchange of letters "stuffed with sentimental nonsense" with an unknown friend, Araminta, goes in search of this affinity, only to be disillusioned and to return to the "friendly and judicious care" of her former protectress, with whom she acquires "that which is more useful to the possessor than genius—good sense." The story closes with the cheering reflection that "It is possible for a young lady . . . to cure herself of the affectation of Sensibility and the folly of Romance." Miss Austen, too, directs her gentle satire against this over-sentimentality. Marianne, in "Sense and Sensibility," effects so complete a recovery from an early passion for the Romantic as to marry a man who was twenty years her senior, and who "still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat." In the same way, in "Pride and Prejudice," she has her quiet laugh at the sententious heroine, in the person of Mary Bennet, who has her stock of moral reflections ready for application in every event of life—a type of heroine of whom the epigrammatic damsel who flashes her way through the pages of so many modern novels must be a close connection.

Our debt to Miss Austen is for something more, however than a few sermons against such characters as these. In "Pride and Prejudice" she not only reached the highest point of artistic workmanship, but in Elizabeth Bennet she has given us what is possibly her greatest achievement in character. In a letter to her sister Jane Austen has voiced the estimate that most of her readers will form of Elizabeth. "I must confess that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her*, at least, I do not know." The story, very baldly, is this: Elizabeth Bennet meets Mr. Darcy at a ball, and becomes deeply preju-

diced against him for the general hauteur of his bearing, and especially for his slighting remarks with regard to herself. Darcy is gradually attracted toward her by her brightness, her wit and independence, but his pride—for she has undesirable connections—will not permit him to show his feelings. He finally proposes to her, but with such insolent references to her family that he only incenses her the more. Through the help he is later able to give her family her prejudice is overcome, and she begins to "comprehend that he was exactly the man who, in disposition and talents, would most suit her," and the story ends with their marriage. Only a thorough reading of the whole book could give any adequate idea of the charm of Elizabeth, her quaint good sense and lively mind. A random quotation may show the extremely quiet and natural way in which she is presented. She has been surprised into accepting Mr. Darcy as a partner for the dance. "They stood for some time without speaking a word; and she began to imagine that their silence would last through the two dances, and at first was resolved not to break it; till suddenly fancying that it would be the greater punishment to her partner to oblige him to talk, she made some slight observation on the dance. He replied, and was again silent. After a pause of some minutes she addressed him a second time with—"It is your turn to say something now, Mr. Darcy. I talked about the dance, and you ought to make some kind of remark on the size of the room or the number of couples." He smiled, and assured her that whatever she wished him to say should be said. "Very well, that reply will do for the present. Perhaps by and by I may observe that private balls are much pleasanter than public ones. But *now* we may be silent."

"Do you talk by rule, then, while you are dancing?"

"Sometimes. One must speak a little, you know. It would look odd to be entirely silent for half an hour together; yet for the advantage of *some*, conversation ought to be so arranged as that they may have the trouble of saying as little as possible."

"Are you consulting your own feelings in the present case, or do you imagine that you are gratifying mine?"

"Both," replied Elizabeth, archly; "for I have always seen a great similarity in the turn of our minds. We are each of an unsocial, taciturn disposition, unwilling to speak unless we expect to say something that will amaze the whole room and be handed down to posterity with all the *éclat* of a proverb."

How familiar and natural it sounds! It is as a real girl would be likely to talk, not as the orthodox heroine ought to talk. When you finish the book you feel not only a regret that it *is* finished, but even, perhaps, a regret that so much sweetness and charm are very possibly to be thrown away upon the somewhat unsympathetic nature of Darcy.

The novels of Sir Walter Scott were in part a reversion to the old Romance, and his heroines are likewise a reversion to the earlier type. The Rowenas, the Minna Troils, the Catherine Glovers, are duly marked with their characteristics and sent on their journey through the book. There is a passage in "Waverly," where Flora MacIvor receives the proposal of Waverly, that while, no doubt, extreme, yet illustrates fairly enough the woodenness of most of Scott's heroines. This is her answer: "Permit me, then, to rearrange my ideas upon so unexpected a topic, and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reason for the resolution I shall express as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you." So saying, she withdraws, leaving the youth "to meditate"—not unnaturally—"upon the manner in which she had received his addresses." Her answer would have come with equal appropriateness from the lips of a minister of state dismissing a troublesome deputation. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to take so glaring an example; Scott has given us a Jeanie Deans and Lucy Ashton as well as a Flora MacIvor. But the natural heroines are the exception, not the rule.

Diana Vernon, in "Rob Roy, is one of Scott's heroines who is important, not so much for herself, as for the fact that she seems to be the prototype of a class of heroines of which the recent outbreak of historical novels has given us not a few examples. Diana will be remembered as a high-spirited girl with a taste for masculine pastimes. Among recent novels, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and Crockett's "Joan of the Sword-Hand" are more or less reminiscent of the Diana Vernon type. There are occasional variations where the emphasis seems to be specially upon the high spirit. Mademoiselle de la Vire, in Stanley Weyman's "Gentleman of France," is rescued at great risk by the hero, and with him rides some sixty leagues to safety. She accomplishes his complete subjugation by the somewhat surprising method of never opening her lips during the whole course of the journey except to insult him.



The ordinary course of conduct of this special type seems to be based upon some such maxims as these: To awaken the hero's interest, maintain a silence as obstinate as it is uncalled for. Confirm the conquest by hurling insults at him. Strike him with your riding-whip—these ladies are apparently never without their riding-whips—or box his ears, as the heroine of "The Initials" did, and he is yours to all eternity.

To leave these heroines for those of Charlotte Brontë is a violent transition. Jane Eyre—though Miss Brontë wrote more than one novel, it is the Jane Eyre personality that is portrayed in them all—is too passionate, too melancholy a figure to serve as an illustration here. For our purpose it may be enough, before passing on, to say that Miss Brontë removed the last limitations from an author's treatment of his heroine. In Jane Eyre she set a precedent which henceforth permitted the heroine to be plain and insignificant in person and intellectual in mind, depending for interest upon her character alone.

It was originally intended to conclude with two heroines taken from one of the earliest and one of the most recent "psychological" novels—Mary Garth, from "Middlemarch," and Hope Hawberk, from William Dean Howells' "The Son of Royal Langbrith." Mary Garth would not be the first name to occur to us as the heroine of "Middlemarch," but she seems a more natural companion for our "background" heroines, if they may be so described, than Dorothea Brooke, who leaves a certain impression of aloofness and Puritanic chill. A closer reading of the two novels, however, showed such close resemblance between the characters of Mary Garth and Hope Hawberk that a separate description would involve much repetition. There is the same wholesomeness, the same humor and good sense in both. Hope Hawberk has a droll whimsicality that we miss in Mary Garth. More probably it is a difference due to the different styles of the two writers. There is an air of massiveness about all that George Eliot does that is brought out all the more by comparison with a style so extremely facile and delicate as Mr. Howells'. Mary Garth plays a rather less important part in "Middlemarch" than Hope Hawberk in Mr. Howells' novel, a fact that may serve as a pretext for choosing the latter for our illustration.

A few of the steps in the heroine's emancipation—to borrow

a term from the suffrage agitators—have been noted, showing how she was gradually released from the various traditions that governed her presentation. There could hardly be a better illustration of the freedom now allowed her than this heroine of Mr. Howells'. She does foolish things occasionally, she talks nonsense, she is sometimes tactless, as mere human heroines occasionally are, and this naturalness only strengthens the charm that her sweetness and nobility give her. It may be in place to give a short account of the story. Royal Langbrith, the hero's father, one of whose many rascalities has been to ruin the heroine's father and make him a helpless victim of opium, dies in his son's infancy. James Langbrith grows up with an utterly baseless reverence for his father's memory that his mother has not the courage to destroy. Her influence prevents Dr. Anther, her friend, and others in the secret, from enlightening the young man, and the crowning act of his delusion is the erection in the Saxmills Library of a tablet to his father's memory. Still he is allowed to keep his dream, until his uncle, in a fit of anger, tells him of Royal Langbrith's evil life. In such a novel, which depends so far upon the situation for revelation of character, it is almost impossible to find any separate quotations for that purpose. The following may perhaps give some idea of the quaint drollery and humor that make Hope so appealing a character. James Langbrith is talking:

"Hope,"—he kept getting in her name as often as he could for the pleasure of speaking it—"I am not going to ask any promises of you now. We will let the future take care of itself. But I want to tell you; I haven't told my mother yet; I am going to Paris to study—to study the stage and learn to write for it. . . . I thought I should ask you to go with me, but I see I can't, but if I can take your love, and leave you mine, will you wait?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Hope!" he sighed.

"Oh, James!" she sweetly mocked him.

"Where was I?"

"You had left me waiting."

"Well, that is all, then."

They both laughed.

"Of course," he took up the broken thread, "I shall tell mother."

"You couldn't go without."

"Oh, I mean about you. . . . You will go to see her often, Hope, won't you?"

"Not often enough to cause remark," she drolled, and he laughed and said:

"How funny you are, Hope! . . . I believe I love you more for your fun than your beauty, Hope."

"Perhaps there's more *of* the fun."

"No, I don't say that. You are the most beautiful creature in the world to me. And Falk (his friend) thinks that your dark style—"

"Well, I always thought that Mr. Falk was pretty, too. So it's an equal thing. Now, we won't talk of that any more; it's too personal."

Again, she has gone to Dr. Anther about her father, a broken wreck from opium:

"He has got to sleep, of course," she tells him, "but the minute he goes off he begins dreaming, and that green one comes, he says, and tries to wall him in." She laughed in a queer way, and then the tears burst from her eyes. "You must think I'm a strange person to laugh at such things."

"No, no," said the doctor, tenderly, "I understand, Hope."

"I suppose it's my being used to it all my life that I don't realize it as some others would. And father is so funny when he tells about it, and acts it out, as he does. I suppose I'm like him."

If such a situation had been portrayed a hundred years earlier, the heroine would have wept and sobbed and ended with a few highly commendable reflections on human life in general. Yet certainly Hope Hawberk loses nothing of your respect and liking in behaving as she does here. Her nature, as Dr. Anther reflects, is simply "divinely refusing the burden which elder sins or sorrows would lay upon it, and that it must do this, perhaps, as a condition of bearing its own." Perhaps these extracts have not left that impression of Hope that the book could not fail to leave—of one of the most exquisite characters in all fiction. And if it be true, as our gloomier critics tell us, that the disappearance of the novel is not far distant, this heroine of Mr. Howells' would be a noble name to close the roll of heroines of fiction.

## *The Lark of The Effie M.*

### *A Tale of the Prince Edward Island Coast*

THE icy wind flung the door shut with a vicious slam as Captain Bill Dorsey stepped into the Rustico postoffice for his morning mail. Miss Peters, the ancient little postmistress, jumped up even more quickly than usual and came over to the counter.

"I was hopin' you'd come in soon, Cap'n Will," she said. "Miss Hayes down to Covehead just sent me a message sayin' they're rather excited down there. A schooner came ashore on the inside bar during the night and is lyin' there, half a mile out, where they can't get to her nohow. She wondered if we couldn't do suthin'."

Wrecks on the north shore of Prince Edward Island are not of frequent occurrence, but every winter, when the mid-December gales, with a touch of Greenland in them, come sweeping south over the four hundred miles of gulf, the gently sloping sands claim a fair share of victims. The season's toll was just beginning.

Captain Bill shrugged his shoulders and looked closely at the letters which had been handed him. "Wonder what they think we can do?" he said, in a moment. "There ain't a lifeboat closer than Georgetown, and it wouldn't be any use if it was here. This weather the water comes in over that inside Covehead bar higher'n a house, and 'twould swamp a liner if she'd float there. I don't see as we can do anything, but I'll see some o' the boys."

A little farther up the street was Rustico's one store, and here the boys, a few fishermen and sailors, who took things easily at this season, were usually to be found. Captain Bill was hailed vigorously as he stamped his way in out of the wind, but his story quieted the men's spirits. They had all of them sailed for years up and down that coast, had seen it in all weathers, and appreciated immediately the tragedy which was likely to be enacted off that little hamlet eight miles to the west. Captain Bill had spent twenty of his thirty years on the waters of the gulf and on the strait behind the island. For five of these he had ploughed through them, almost daily, in a little steam tug, the *Effie M.*,

which was the pride, not only of his heart, but also of all the village, and he knew, perhaps better than any of the others, the hopelessness of the situation. The way he said, "She'll be pounded to pieces before night," left no room for discussion.

They talked over the matter for half an hour till the entrance of little Jimmy Coates, the postoffice assistant, developed a new phase of the situation. Handing a telegram to Captain Dorsey, he turned to the others: "Things is warm down to Covehead. They just wired up that they're afraid the wreck is goin' to pieces. They've been tryin' to launch a boat they got from Charlottetown, to try to git to her, for the last two hours, but can't for the surf. Abner Booth got his arm broke when she knocked him down comin' in once. The wind seems to be gittin' worse."

Captain Bill turned suddenly, as if he had just made a decision. "How soon can you have a good head of steam on *The Effie*, Duncan?" Duncan Myers was *The Effie's* engineer.

"About half an 'oor," said Duncan, readily. "Ye know we banked fires yesterday morn', expectin' 'twould clear th' day, an' we cud tow that scoo o' coal down to Tracadie, boot—" with astonishment, as he caught the captain's idea, "ye ain't thinkin' o' takin' *Th' Iffy* oot in that," pointing suggestively through the side of the store toward the sea, half a mile away. Even at that distance the breakers could be heard thundering irregularly on the beach.

"Listen to this," said the Captain, as he held the telegram up to the light. "It's from Meadows, of Sydney. '*Our Peerless reported in distress off north shore. Can you pick up and tow to Georgetown?*' It must be her that's ashore on the Covehead bar. She's a big three-master. Carries coal for the Dominion Steel people. I've seen her over at Sydney tied up to their dock. She's an old black brute built about thirty years ago, an' they load her down to within a couple of feet of the deck an' expect her to weather everything. But there's some good men on her—captain an' mate an' most of the crew of the *J. B. Nugent*. You remember she was burnt at Halifax last year. *The Peerless* was being painted over an' caulked then to pass an inspection. They've been on her ever since."

"But you couldn't do anything, Cap'n," said one of the fishermen. "You'll swamp *The Effie* goin' round the end of the island

in that sea, an' you can't get in over the bar if you did git down there."

"I know it'll be mighty stiff work," said the Captain, as though thinking carefully, "but there's good men's lives goin' to waste down on that hulk, an' I believe with *The Effie* we can save them. I don't know how we'll do when we get down there, but we'll get there first. But it all depends on Duncan here, an' Andy, an' I'll want one or two of you boys for a sort of extra crew."

Where Captain Bill Dorsey led, Rustico people were usually ready to follow, and they were not behind in this instance. Duncan, after some discouraging observances which were thoroughly characteristic, started off to pick up Andy Jacques, *The Effie's* fireman, and in a few minutes puffs of black smoke from the little steamer's funnel were driving south.

*The Effie M.* was a stubby-looking little craft, built for stability and usefulness rather than beauty, but with "a heart in her," as Duncan called her engines, worthy of a vessel four times her size.

The wind almost blew the few onlookers off the dock as they watched Captain Bill and his crew tumble on board, and even here, where the sea was well sheltered, the waves came in over the end of the pier in foamy torrents. The errand seemed to be useless, but when Captain Bill climbed into the little pilothouse perched well back on the upper deck, after a minute rang for half, then for full speed ahead, and the tug, with a farewell shriek from her whistle, began to make her way steadily down the harbor against the biting blast, a feeling of confidence returned.

The mile stretch down the harbor was done quite easily. Sheltered by the island at its mouth, the wind here was not overly severe, and only an occasional wave came in over the tug's bow. In the pilothouse Captain Bill could hear the regular *pa-pooof—pa-pooof—pa-pooof* of the engines from the exhaust pipe along the big funnel behind him, and a sharp and irregular popping *s-siss—siss—s-s-siss* of escaping steam from the blow-off told him that Andy was getting in some good work below in preparation for expected emergencies. Taking one hand from the wheel for a moment, he raised the mouthpiece of the speaking tube, called for one of the crew, and gave orders for everything to be closed



up tightly below. He had gotten a glimpse of the seas coming in over the shallows around the end of the island. "They're comin' in even with my eyes," he shouted below. "We'll be washed cleaner than a dishpan." Then the little boat began to feel the effects of the cross-swell, and the current kept him busy with the wheel. A minute or two more put them into the thick of it, and coming round the end of the island they felt the full force of both wind and sea.

The wind came in through even the closed windows of the wheelhouse in puffs that bit Captain Bill's cheeks and made his eyes water, and at intervals it whistled over the top of the funnel like a gigantic calliope. The first big wave struck the bow like a trip-hammer, then leaped in over the quarter-bitts and ran along hungrily, two feet deep, over the deck to the stern, where it freed itself in a foamy cascade. The second was less severe, but the third was as high again. It broke on the middle of the foredeck, the spume flew over the top of the pilothouse and hissed against the hot funnel behind, and a couple of buckets of the salty stuff spit their way through the windows in front of the wheelsman and fell over his knees. *The Effie* dug her nose into the hollow following the wave, pushed down by the tons of water which remained for a moment on her foredeck, and seemed to slide into the next wave. That one tossed her bow up again like a chip till her deck was at the angle of a toboggan slide. The next caught her clear amidships, broke clean over the top of the funnel and fell off the end of the upper deck with a roar.

*The Effie* seemed to hesitate for a moment in horror of it all. She was too heavy to ride the waves and too short to plough through them steadily. They tossed her up and down, struck at her with demon-like blows, bit at her hungrily, and boiled and hissed despairingly along over her decks. Captain Bill had to fight to keep her nose to the wind, and his arms began to ache from the strain on them at the wheel. The exhaust from the engines no longer sounded regular, but when a bigger wave than usual flung the tug's stern in the air and the big screw was exposed for a moment the engines raced viciously, and the *pa-poof—pa-poof* became a frenzied *pap-a-poof-a—pap-a-poof-a!*

Duncan was having his own troubles down in the little engine-room. Unable to keep his footing on the slippery, oilcloth-

covered flooring, he held firmly to the long shut-off lever. When the engines began to race he pushed it back with a jerk to ease them, and pulled it forward again when he felt the stern sinking. While the screw was covered the engines worked easily, but when the stern went up and the propeller began to churn round in a mixture of air and foam a sort of groan came, almost humanly, from the flying crank-shafts.

But still *The Effie* fought her way. During a moment's respite Duncan gave her another notch of steam. That made the racing worse, but now she made headway enough to keep her to the wind, and the pitching eased a little. Gradually she worked her way, continually fighting, through the half-mile of shallows, and Captain Bill's voice sounded cheery as it came down through the speaking-tube: "We'll be through this in five minutes; it's easier outside."

Fortunately, it was. The sturdy little tug came through the maelstrom without accident, and getting into deeper water where the swell was less violent, dug her nose jauntily into the smaller waves and stood steadily out to sea. Captain Bill gave a sigh of relief, and then held the wheel with his knee for a moment while he hammered down the window in front of him. It had become coated a quarter of an inch thick with ice, and was almost opaque. The upperworks also were thickly encrusted, and long icicles hung from the rail around the little bridge in front. Now, for the first time, the man in the wheelhouse felt the full force of the wind, and it made him wince and pull up the neck of his sweater under his oilskins. Even yet an occasional wave, coming with a joyful smack against the cabin-front below, would throw its spray up through the open window, where it would catch him full in the face and make him involuntarily shrink back. "Talk about your cold baths," said Captain Bill to himself, with a grim smile on his half-frozen face, "I wonder how them city folks would like this?"

Gradually, however, the Captain eased *The Effie* off for the long run down the coast till the wind began to come on the quarter. The first big puff heeled her over till the deck almost ran awash, and an extra big wave dancing up mischievously just then, hit the side of the cabin a slap that heeled her over further till she took in a ton of water over the rail. Captain Bill

whirled the wheel around to bring her into the wind again, and with a jerk she came up and hopped over on the other side. Then she settled down steadily. He tried her on a closer tack, and found that she went fairly steady, though when a fiercer blast than usual struck her she had to be brought up into the wind.

And thus the battle was continued down the eight miles of coast to Covehead. Fortunately, the tug was built deeply, and her engines and boilers were heavy, and were placed well down. A liner, with her huge upperworks and small underbody, would have been thrown on her beam ends in a minute on that tack.

Off Covehead the wreck was plain enough, but to Captain Dorsey's surprise, she lay on the outer, instead of the inner bar, a good mile further out to sea. She had evidently been driven in, head on, and being deeply laden, had stranded on the bar. Now she was twisted around, and was lying broadside to the wind. The foremast was gone, but the other two still remained, and high up in the rigging, where they were being continually dashed with spray, were a number of black specks, which one instinctively knew to be men. The sea around the wreck was furious. Gigantic walls of water rolled in over the shallow bar and hurled themselves like demons over the hulk. Around and as far as the eye could see was a veritable hell of breaking waves. But for the wind, which in its fierceness carried the sound landwards, the roar would have been deafening.

Captain Bill studied the situation for some moments with knit brows. Then his face cleared as if he had made a decision. He called down the speaking-tube: "Send Harry up here to help me with the wheel, and, Duncan, get ready for some more funny work. I'm goin' to run in back of the bar and up under her lee and see if we can pick 'em off that way."

In a moment the cabin door opened and Harry Peters, one of the Captain's friends, made his way carefully over the icy deck to the ladder leading to the upperworks, guarding against being swept overboard by the wind by grasping projecting corners. Climbing to the wheelhouse, he opened the door, but started in surprise when he saw the Captain.

"Gosh, Bill, you're a first-class icicle," he ejaculated. "I didn't know it was so bad as that up here. It's bad enough on

deck. But—"catching sight of the wreck and the white water over the bar, "By the powers, you don't expect to git in to her there? We'll be jammed on the bar and battered to pieces against her."

Captain Bill had considered this phase of the situation before. "I know it's blame risky, Harry," he said, "but I'm not goin' to come this far and do nothing. There's about eighteen feet of water on that bar in ordinary weather. We're only drawin' fourteen, and the wreck there must go about twenty-two. I can't see how fur she's out of water for the surf over her, but I b'lieve we kin slip over."

Harry felt very much tempted to organize a single-handed mutiny and to turn the tug out to sea, but he had volunteered for just such an emergency and knew it was of no use to argue. Besides, he had a mighty trust in Captain Bill. He took the wheel while the Captain tried to warm himself by slapping his arms vigorously over his chest and stamping each foot in turn.

The little steamer struggled for a few minutes longer on the same tack, and then, with a swift turn that almost put her on her beam ends, the men at the wheel brought her stern to the wind, and she began to pound in toward shore faster than she had yet travelled that day. Duncan let a couple of shrieks out of the whistle to encourage the poor fellows clinging to the rigging of the wreck, but all sound seemed swallowed up in the blasts, which were now beginning to come more fitfully. They let *The Effie* run, pitching furiously end to end, till she was well behind the wreck, and then, taking advantage of a slight lull, brought her about again. That turn almost proved their last. Caught in the trough of a gigantic roller off the bar, another piled in on top of them, broke on the upper deck and half-filled the pilothouse with water. *The Effie* heeled over till the water leaked in the cabin door and a small cascade leaped down the steps into the engine-room. Then, slowly, she righted herself and stood up to it. Now the fight of the morning was repeated. The pounding and dashing, the racing of the engines, the strain on the wheel, the hissing and spitting of the tips of the rollers as they broke in seeming fury, all began again. One wave, bigger than usual, carried away *The Effie's* one little lifeboat from its lashings on the upper deck. The wheelhouse itself shook with the tug's wild

rollings, and seemed to threaten to break loose and tumble into the sea. The very timbers of the boat groaned as if in protest. In the pilothouse two giants, giants of muscle and nerve, with jaws tightly closed, with white faces, and with hair and whiskers covered with ice, with hands gripping the wheel spokes like vice-jaws, kept her close to the wind, easing off when necessary, but gradually working up towards the wreck. Then a new sound came from below in addition to the irregular exhaust, a steady and hoarse *ke-chunk—ke-chunk—ke-chunk*. The men in the wheelhouse looked at one another, but said nothing. They knew without asking why Duncan had started the big Northey pump.

Then the struggle grew easier again. A hundred yards in the lee of the wreck they lost the force of the wind, and the sea in a narrow lane behind was surprisingly smooth. Only a big swell at irregular intervals was dangerous. The rollers dashed over the hulk, but broke on deck and fell in waterfalls over the upper side.

In the meantime the eight poor fellows remaining in the rigging had seen Captain Bill's daring plan, and were preparing to take advantage of it. Half-frozen, and fearful of being swept overboard, they slowly climbed down from the rigging and out to the upper rail to await the tug's arrival. Here they were again and again bathed in the icy water pouring over the wreck, and one poor wretch, benumbed by cold and exposure, and half-smothered by the rush of water, lost his hold and was swept up over the stern and down into the abyss of waters beyond.

There was no time to pass a line nor a moment to be lost. While the tug passed along underneath the wrecked sailors threw themselves headlong onto her deck ten feet below, and were even then almost washed off by a rush of water which came over the side of the wreck. One, who jumped a little later than the others, missed the deck and fell between the hulls. He went down with a gurgling, despairing yell, but Andy, the stoker, who had come out of the cabin door covered with soot a moment before, threw him a line and pulled him in over the side.

For a moment the men in the wheelhouse had relaxed their vigilance and were watching the deck below to see that the rescued men were hauled safely into the cabin. The storm seemed to take advantage of that moment for another crack at her little

antagonist. In the lee of the wreck Duncan had slowed *The Effie* down till she was scarcely making steerageway. In the few moments occupied by the rescue, however, she had crossed the lane of quiet water. Suddenly and unnoticed a monster gray-topped wave, coming round the end of the wreck tossed her stem up like a cork, smashed her starboard quarter against the hulk above, and stove in six feet of her forward bulwarks. Harry spun the wheel around in a frenzy, and then, before the next wave could catch her, Captain Bill gave a frantic signal for speed, and Duncan, appreciating the situation, gave her a wide-open throttle and she spurted clear of the wreck and into another battle with the wind and sea.

Captain Bill turned round with a white face and nervously took hold of the wheel. For once his nonchalant air had disappeared. "God in heaven, that was close," he said excitedly. "I thought we were done for there. Did you feel her touch bottom when she came down?" Then his attention was taken with the wheel, for again they were in the midst of the rollers. They were hammered about as they had been behind the wreck, but in a few moments were off the shallow bar, and the men in the wheelhouse were beginning to breathe easier.

"What are you goin' to do now, Bill?" said Harry to the Captain, who was looking out of the side window estimating the damage to the bulwarks below. "Goin' to beat up home again?" "Guess we can do it all—" Captain Bill ducked to avoid a bucket of spray which slapped up against the back of the wheelhouse. Then *The Effie* slid down into an extra deep hollow and the boat began to quiver with the vicious racing of the engines. As she sank down with a sickening jerk and the whirling screw caught the water a muffled crash from somewhere under the stern made them both jump and look at one another. Then with each turn of the screw came a sort of hollow pounding and the song of the strained engines became *pap-a-poof—chuck-a. pap-a-poof—chuck-a*, with the last two syllables coming rumbling from the boat's vitals. Captain Bill grabbed the speaking-tube and shouted hoarsely, though with the composure of despair: "What is it, Duncan? Can you keep her goin'?" Andy's voice (he was watching the engines for a moment) came back excitedly: "It's suthin' in the shaft tunnel. Duncan jist crawled in to find out."



The alarming pounding continued, but the engines seemed to go well enough, if a little irregularly. In five minutes Duncan came out of the cabin door and climbed to the upper deck. "It's th' meedle one o' the shaft collars," he shouted in through the open window. "Crackit clane acrost the top, an' yoor shaft's bucklin' oop half an eench every time she turns over."

"Can you hold her down?" Captain Bill shouted back. "Will th' other two hold her?"

"Naw," said Duncan, as cool as ever. "An' she might pound the bottom oot o' yer boat. But I'll keep her goin'."

It took a good deal to make Captain Bill's chin quiver, but an injury to *The Effie* was like a personal blow to him. Now he set his jaw and grabbed the wheel. "She'd never get us in around the island now," he muttered. "We'll have to try to run down to Tracadie."

Then the gods of the storm seemed to take pity on the staggering little craft, which was quivering from stem to stern at every turn of the screw, as a result of the accident. The wind shifted a couple of points and helped her off on the long tack to the west, and with many a pitch and twist, with continual shudderings and with the ever-constant *chuck-a—chuck-a* from within the stern, the battered little tug made her way doggedly down the four miles of coast and into the well-sheltered Tracadie harbor.

\* \* \* \* \*

"God bless you, Captain Dorsey," said Captain Hincks, of the *Peerless*, as they shook hands in the cosy sitting-room of the little Tracadie hotel a few hours later. "I've never seen a nervier thing in my thirty years' sailing. I thought you were swamped half a dozen times when you were beating up to us. You're a man, and your tug's a wonder. I—I—don't know how to thank you."

"I'm mighty glad we got you, Captain," said the younger man. "I thought it was you afore we started out," pulling a water-soaked telegram out of his pocket and handing it over, "but," with a self-satisfied grin on his rough, red face, "that little trip was only a lark for *The Effie M.* Will your company pay for repairin' her thrust collar?"

"An' ta theenk," said Duncan from behind the stove, with a dry chuckle, "that ye didna' noo the water was comin' eep under

the cabin door an' roon' the coal hatch so fast I cudna keep it doon with the beeg poomp. Andy, the lad, was wadin' roon' in a foot an' a half o' it while he was stokin' "

EDWARD J. MOORE, '07.

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### ***Book Review***

We are in receipt of the initial volumes of "The New Hudson Shakespeare," which comes from the press of Ginn & Company. It is a re-issue of the former well-known work by Professor Hudson, whose name alone would be a sufficient guarantee of its merit.

They are carefully and tastefully gotten-up little volumes, with very comprehensive discussions on such matters of importance as sources, dramatic structure, character, etc., of the play. Added to this the notes, which are exhaustive and carefully arranged, occupy, what to us seems their logical position, the foot of each page. Altogether the "Hudson Shakespeare," in the sphere for which it was intended is one of the best editions that we have yet seen.

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### ***The Queens***

SOMETIMES, 'tis said, that Queens pass by  
 And idle dreamers watch them go;  
 They follow long with wistful eye,  
 But this the Queens may never know.

But wiser men perceive the crown  
 Hid 'neath the hood of hoddin'gray,  
 With bolder mien they step them down,  
 And proudly bear the Queens away.

—H. F. W.



# *Scientific*



## *The Development of Electro-Chemistry*

E. J. HALBERT, '08.

THIS interesting and at present very practical branch of science had its beginning over a century ago, when, in 1799, Alesandro Volta, the great Italian scientist, invented his new electric battery. Only one year later Nicolson and Carlisle decomposed water by means of the electric current and found its constituents to be hydrogen and oxygen. In the same year Cruickshanks performed several experiments on the electrolysis of salt solutions, and discovered that the metals are liberated at the same "pole" as hydrogen. Cruickshanks prophesied that the "galvanic influence" might some time be successfully used in the analysis of minerals.

Sir Humphrey Davy took a great interest in the study of electricity in its relation to chemistry, and after a number of careful experiments, succeeded in 1807 in isolating the metals, sodium and potassium, from their compounds electrolytically. He made the results of his experiments known in a lecture entitled "Some Chemical Agencies of Electricity."

Bergelius, the Swedish chemist, in 1808 obtained amalgams of barium and calcium in the presence of mercury by the electrolysis of baryte and lime, and about the same time Davy obtained amalgams of strontium and magnesium.

Undoubtedly the great pioneer of electro-chemistry was Michael Faraday, who in 1834 had data enough from which to formulate definite laws and nomenclature for this science. To him we are indebted for such terms as "anode," "kathode," "electrode," "electrolyte," etc. These words are very suggestive. "Anode" and "kathode" mean literally "the way up" and "the way down" respectively, and hence are used to indicate where the current enters and leaves the solution or where it "rises and sets," so to speak. Faraday discovered a very important relation between the quantity of electricity used and the amount of

chemical decomposition taking place for any given time. This he states in what is known as Faraday's law, as follows:

(1) "The amount of chemical decomposition for any given electrolyte is proportional to the quantity of electricity passing through the circuit."

(2) "The quantities of any two different electrolytes decomposed by the same quantity of electricity are equal when measured in chemical equivalents." This law is of the utmost importance, and is daily made use of in practice.

Early in the last century electro-chemistry became of practical importance in the commercial world. In 1839 Spencer and Jordan in England, and Jacobi in St. Petersburg, almost simultaneously published results of their successes in electrotyping. This was followed in 1840 by the discovery of Wright, that gold and silver could be plated out by electrolysis from a solution of their alkaline cyanides. These discoveries have given rise to important industries.

As early as 1854 electro-chemistry was used in reducing minerals from their compounds, but not much advance was made along this line until about 1867. In the former year Bunsen reduced aluminium from cryolite by electro-chemical means, and by so doing reduced the price of aluminium per pound to about one-fifteenth of what it had been previously.

Very great progress has been made since 1886, not only in the refining and production of minerals from their ores, but also in the development of electro-chemical industries, many of which are destined to replace the old purely chemical methods of manufacture. Bleaching powder is already manufactured chiefly by the electro-chemical process, as the products are purer and less waste is involved.

Some of the most important electro-chemical industries are: The refining of metals such as gold, silver and copper; the production of metals from their ores, as aluminium from cryolite, and phosphorous from apatite; the making of caustic soda, and chlorine from solutions of common salt; the manufacture of calcium carbide from coke and lime; the manufacture of carborundum, graphite and many other commercial products.

As the refining of copper is perhaps the most important electro-chemical industry at present, and is also typical of the principle

used in the refining of other minerals, a brief description of the process might be of interest.

Crude copper contains arsenic, antimony, lead, tin, bismuth, silver, and gold—of the latter from .1 to .06 ounces per ton. Many of the uses of copper demand that it be chemically pure, and this condition can best be obtained by means of the electro-chemical process, which provides also some valuable by-products. The anode plates are of crude copper about three feet long, one and one-half feet wide and about one inch thick; the kathode plates are the same size, but only one-twentieth of an inch thick, and of chemically pure copper. There are usually about five anodes and kathodes in each battery, and a great number of batteries are set up in series. The electrolyte used is from twelve to twenty per cent. copper sulphate solution, containing from five to ten per cent. of sulphuric acid to reduce the resistance. To further aid in keeping down the resistance the electrolyte is kept at about 40° C., and kept stirred by some mechanical device such as blowing in a stream of air. A current of about ten amperes per square foot is used. The cost of refining is from one-quarter to one-half a cent per pound, and the annual output from electrolytic refineries of the world is about 400,000 tons, valued at \$120,000,000. Upwards of \$20,000,000 worth of gold and silver is obtained every year from the slag in the copper refining process.

The energy of water power can be so easily converted into electrical energy, that of late years electro-chemical industries have been introduced into many parts of the world, where purely chemical industries were unknown, on account of the absence of coal. And we, in Canada, with our great wealth of water power, may hope in the near future to possess a great many of the electro-chemical industries of this continent.

This growth of electro-chemistry during the last decade has been phenomenal. More literature has been issued on the subject during this time than in all of the last century. A great deal of research work is being done in our own laboratory in the University of Toronto, which is one of the best equipped electro-chemical laboratories in the world. A few important points which have not yet received much attention are: (1) The electrolysis of fused salts. (2) The use of accurately controlled

electro-chemical decomposition for the purpose of determining the chemical equivalents of the metals. The reacting weights of many elements which have not yet been accurately determined could, no doubt, be found in this way. (3) How the limitation of the speed of electrolysis varies with the diffusibility of the products.

In the whole realm of science, perhaps, there is no field offering more attraction at the present time, and none more promising of large rewards for work well done, than electro-chemistry.

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### *Physiological Economy in Nutrition*

G. E. G., '07.

THERE is no subject of greater physiological importance, or of greater moment for the welfare of the human race, than the subject of nutrition, determining how best to maintain the body in a condition of health and strength, and how to attain the highest degree of efficiency, both physical and mental, with the least expenditure of energy. It is essential for one to know what the actual needs of the body are, and the character and amount of food required, for it has been clearly pointed out that our ideas regarding the daily quantities of food necessary for the maintenance of health and strength are exaggerated. It is clear also that there should be increased physiological economy, in order that we may have the increase of health and vigor possible. Through generations we have accustomed ourselves to the use of quantities of food, much beyond the requirements of the body. This excess is believed to be in part responsible for many diseased conditions which might be obviated by more careful observance of the true bodily needs. The physical condition exercises a most powerful influence on the mental and even on the moral state. Thus it is evident that when the subject of nutrition is fully understood and its laws obeyed, the result will be most beneficial not only to the physical well-being, but to the general welfare of mankind.

Under certain conditions of diet, people may have the appearance of being well nourished and of doing their daily work with apparent ease and comfort. But economists ask, "Might not these same results follow with smaller amounts of food?" If so, there

must necessarily be physiological economy under a more restricted diet, with a consequent increased bodily energy, as less has to be expended in the digestion of the excess of food. Recent experiments have shown clearly the possibility of much lower standards of diet being sufficient to meet physical requirements.

Especially do we need a more definite knowledge of the physiological necessities of the body for proteid, or, roughly speaking, flesh foods. We fear our natural instincts cannot be trusted far in the choice of diet, as we are all creatures of habit. Our palates are usually pleasantly excited by the rich animal foods, and our dietetic standards are based chiefly upon our desires rather than upon the true food value. There is a prevalent opinion that many of our bodily ills and weaknesses are to be overcome by an increased consumption of food, and a corresponding belief in the efficiency of a rich and abundant diet to strengthen the system and to increase its muscular and mental vigor. It is self-evident that the smallest amount of food which will serve to keep the body in a state of high efficiency is physiologically the most economical, and hence the best adapted for its needs. Further, any excess over what is absolutely needed is not only uneconomical, but may be directly injurious. Especially is this true of proteid foods. Proteid decomposition products when stored up in the body are injurious to its well-being, as the evil effects are in many cases the cause of gout and rheumatism.

Thorough mastication and insalivation aid in the more complete utilization of the food, and render possible great economy, so that the body weight and perfect health may be maintained on an exceptionally small amount of food. The adoption of this habit produces a keener appetite, more acute taste and a more thorough liking for simple foods.

People have a mistaken idea of the necessity for a hearty meal because heavy work is about to be undertaken. They seem to forget that mental or muscular power comes not from the food-stuffs present in the alimentary tract at the time of action, but rather from the absorbed material stored in the muscles, the remains of food taken a day or two previously. A large amount of energy is used in the process of digestion, and therefore it is seen how unwise it is to tax the digestive organs when all available energy is needed for the task about to be done.

Excessive use of proteid food increases the formation of nitrogenous waste products, which circulate through the system



and are responsible, without doubt, for much of the fatigue which we experience. The muscular energy which is necessary for our bodily welfare is not derived from proteid food, but from carbohydrates and fats, and this is one reason why excess proteid can be avoided. The presence of proteid food necessitates not only its own breaking down, but also the breaking down of other food material, which under different circumstances would be preserved as a source of energy for both muscular and mental work.

Personal likes and dislikes must naturally enter into the choice of any diet, and freedom to follow the dictates of one's appetite, so far, of course, as one's reason and intelligence allow is obviously permissible. Physiological economy in nutrition does not necessarily involve the adoption of vegetarianism, but it does mean temperance and simplicity in diet. There is much good to be gained in the adoption of dietetic habits that accord more closely with the needs of the body. Such a course will undoubtedly produce greater freedom from fatigue and minor ailments. Increased mental and physical vigor will also result, with less expenditure of energy on the part of the body.

Physiological scientists have come unhesitatingly to the conclusion that people ordinarily consume much more food than is necessary, and it is more than probable that excess of food is some time or other detrimental to the health, weakening rather than strengthening the body, and defeating the very objects aimed at in its consumption. Body weight, health, strength, physical vigor and endurance can be maintained with at least one-half of the proteid food ordinarily consumed.

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### Notes

THE first comet of the year, 1907a, has just been discovered at Nice by the astronomer Giacobini. It was first seen on Saturday, March 9, not far from the star Sirius. It is moving northward at present, and sets about midnight. Its daily motion is about a degree a day. Being very low in the sky, and of the eleventh magnitude, it is not very favorably situated for present observation.



The bill proposing to introduce the metric system in Great Britain was defeated in the House of Commons by 150 to 118 votes.

# *Missionary* *and* *Religious*

## *Japan—Her Wealth and Poverty*

WHEN Commodore Perry knocked at the gates of Japan in 1853 he was refused admittance. Japan did not yet consider herself ready to hold communication with the outside world. Nothing daunted, and backed by the power of the United States Government, he demanded that in three days he be given a hearing, enforcing his demand by a threat of compulsion. The Japanese Government thought it prudent to comply, and a meeting was accorded with high dignity and official pomp. Next year he returned and negotiated a treaty whereby two ports were opened to American trade. In good-fellowship the two nations exchanged gifts, Perry presenting Japan with a telegraph complete and locomotive and rails ready for operation, an earnest of the future reception and rapid spread of Western civilization in the empire.

Fifty years after her first contact with Western nations, in what condition do we find Japan? She has, at least, awakened to a consciousness of her inherent greatness. Her military system is one of the most perfect in the world, exalting her to a high position in the list of nations. The recent war with Russia has proved not only the efficiency of her methods, but the stability of her national life, resisting with the slightest shock the attacks of a much larger empire. Thus she has brought herself to a place of recognition politically and commercially, and plays an important part in diplomatic circles. Her internal industries have also developed. She has every kind of manufacturing. In 1870 this industry was of very little account, but to-day she has 8,000 factories. Her railroads circle the empire, which, though it is only fifteen hundred miles in length, has three thousand miles of railroad in operation. When we review the educational system of Japan we see evidences of the most remarkable revolutions and prosperity. The thirty-first annual report of the Minister of

Education in Japan shows that for percentage of children under instruction Japan leads the world. There are to-day nearly six million children in her elementary schools, or ninety-three per cent. of all the children of the empire. The number of pupils in secondary schools and universities is also large. Besides this, Japan is the schoolmaster of Asia. At present thirteen thousand Chinese students throng the halls of Japanese universities, and the number increases annually. Korea and other countries send a large quota of students every year. Thus Japan is leading the Orient, and one of the most common topics of conversation in the empire is "Japan's mission to the East."

These facts call forth the exclamation, "What a wonderful and prosperous nation!" But let us be careful how we estimate the greatness of a country. We are profoundly impressed with the fact that natural resources cannot make a mighty state. It is true of the nation as of the individual, that "its life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which it possesseth." Not the spread of commerce, nor the study of sciences, nor any other material acquisition, but the making of men in the truest sense of the term makes a state.

In this point of paramount importance Japan is failing, for she is not producing a society of true, moral men. As we turn from gazing upon her material prosperity to note advancement in the sphere of morality we turn from a state of healthy growth to one of abject poverty. Minister Makino, of the Department of Education, issued instruction last June concerning evil habits in student circles, which contain such sentiments as the following: "Among the youth of both sexes I detect, to my regret, a tendency to occasional despondency and to ethical decadence. Certain of those now in the schools show an inclination to luxury, or torment themselves about empty theories, or in extreme cases allow their minds to become absorbed in dissipation and violating the precepts of virtue, lose their sense of shame. There are signs that the trend of a part of society is toward insincerity, and that the youth of both sexes are led astray in an increasing degree. Especially is this the case with recent publications and pictures, for these either ventilate extreme doctrines or inculcate pessimistic views, or depict immoral conditions." As we turn from the educational to the business world a worse state of affairs

presents itself. With the advance of Western civilization came individualism, and the Japanese are taking advantage of the liberty granted by it, which by them is construed into license, to carry out schemes for self-emolument at the expense of their truer selves. With respect to business honesty, men acquainted with customs tell us that there is a great decline in the honesty of the common people. Foreign merchants complain that it is impossible to compel the Japanese to keep their pledges, whether written or verbal, when they will turn out to their disadvantage. The *Kokumin Shinbun* (*People's News*) has recently discussed the question of Japanese commercial morality, with the following results: (1) Goods delivered are not up to sample. (2) Engagements are not kept. (3) Business men have no appreciation of the interests of business. Such words coming directly from Japan itself show us plainly their commercial condition. Individualism has come suddenly to Japan, and each man is, in the business world, what he makes himself. He is thrown upon his own choice for wealth or character, and the temptation to him is irresistible.

Japan has accepted rapidly the externals of Christian civilization, but is not yet permeated by the Christian spirit, nor actuated by Christian ideals. Her progress in material relations is most rapid, but in many cases to the detriment of true morality. The Japanese have read Charles Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, but have not read the Gospels. They have reared Christian institutions, but have not exalted Christ. We hear people say, "Why send missionaries to Japan: is she not a Christian nation?" She is not. She is a Christless nation, and therein lies her peril, for, nobly as Japan has done, unless she go farther, her appearance on the stage of world history must be short-lived. As the Israelites were taught by the ancient prophets, God is a God of the nation as of the individual, and despite external show, unless the spring of national life be in Christ Himself, and the dynamic of national polity be righteousness and charity, a nation has not those elements without which it is impossible to endure.

*Missionary Notes*

THE revival of missionary zeal is not confined to the student world nor to the ministerial associations of our continent. There came together in New York City on Saturday, November 17, 1906, thirty-eight prominent business men, representative of the Protestant Episcopal work in Boston, Providence, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and New York, for the purpose of laying plans to further the work of Christ. The following was adopted as their aim: "To enlist and instruct laymen to do specific work outside of business hours to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To do laymen's share to strengthen the church to the end that it may be better able to take the Gospel to all America and to all the world." Such a movement is complementary to the Student Volunteer Movement, and we cannot but feel assured that it is not all a mere burst of enthusiasm, but is a vital force, which, having gripped the hard-headed business man, will settle deeper and deeper into the life of the community until it becomes the dynamic of the whole Protestant Church.



Everyone knows something of the great revolution taking place in China, but we venture to say that its importance and extent far exceed our imagination. The Chinese children on the streets of Nanking to-day can be heard singing a song which says in substance: "First the red man went, then the black man went, now the yellow man's turn has come, but the yellow man won't go." We hope to publish in our next issue an article on the present relation of China to missions.



At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A., held on Wednesday, March 13, the officers for next year were elected as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Wallace; President, A. O. Foreman, '08; Vice-President, T. C. Colwell; Treasurer, H. E. Graham, '09; Secretary, J. J. Pearson, '10.

# Editorial

## *The University in the State*

IN the visit of His Excellency the British Ambassador to the United States, the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, to this University, the present generation of undergraduates is particularly happy. The address that His Excellency delivered in Wycliffe Convocation Hall was just such an one as we might expect from a man of the culture and wholesome mental character of Mr. Bryce. And yet perhaps in all that he said there was nothing that, if seen in cold, black type, would not have been perfectly obvious. It is no new thing to hear that "material progress isn't everything;" that "there is a great deal in life outside of business;" that "the university ought to prepare itself to form in its students the power of the enjoyment of the things of the mind—of knowledge, of thought, and of imagination;" that "the chief object of human interest is men;" that "the greatness of a country doesn't consist in size, population, or wealth, but in the long run in the contribution which the country makes to the thoughts and the happiness of the world;" and that "the thing that any man does for himself he does always for another." And yet we were intensely and specially glad to hear these words from the lips of a man who has lived fifty years in contact with the large affairs of world politics—a man who is recognized among the English-speaking peoples as one of the fairest and sanest men of the race.

And besides, the message in itself was full of the deepest meaning for us. As Mr. Bryce pointed out, it is for us to "see what the University ought to be here. It is in the University that her policy ought to be thought out." And let us ask ourselves, then, What is the function of the University in the State? In answering this question it is interesting, perhaps, to note that it has been dealt with recently by a late colleague of His Excellency, the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, the Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, in an address delivered before the students of that university. The Secretary of War said in part: "It is my daily task to remember and to remind others that the end which the State and its members have to strive after is the development of the State. No such development can be genuine unless it stands for progress in the realization of some great purpose."

The foundation of purpose in the State . . . must, if the national life is to grow permanently and not diminish, to prosper and not fade, be ethical. . . . It is not brute force, but moral power, that commands predominance in the world. . . . Leadership among the peoples of the earth depends on the possession of a deeper insight. In national as in private life the power of domination depends on individuality, . . . formidable because of qualities that are not merely physical. It commands respect because it impresses on those with whom it comes in daily contact a sense of largeness and of moral and intellectual power. . . . And without moral and intellectual equipment of the highest order no nation can to-day remain a world-power. . . . The first purpose of the nation ought to be to concentrate its energies on its moral and intellectual development. . . . As the instruments of this development it requires leaders. . . . At this point the history of the modern State shows that the university plays an important part. . . . For the production of that small body of men and women whose calling requires high talent, the university alone, or its equivalent, suffices. Moreover, the university does more. For it is the almost indispensable portal to the career of the highest and most exceptionally trained type of citizen. Not knowledge, not high quality, sought for the sake of some price to be obtained for them, but knowledge and quality for the sake of knowledge and quality are what are essential and what the university must seek to produce. If universities do this, . . . then the State need not despair."

To the words of these two eminent statesmen our first duty is to hearken. We can but wonder if we realize as yet that the University has a national mission. In the country, the extent of favorable University sentiment grows apace, but is the University in its spirit holding its place with the country? Only the other day, in a gathering of University men, the remark was made that the ordinary undergraduate "abhorred manual labor." We are all lazy—at least, many of us are, and we know that we must get over that. But if we "abhor" the work of the man who works with his hands, we are on the wrong tack. Little good will the university do the nation if its influence is divisive, if it tends to separate the men who think from the men who act.



We can only hope that the impression is mistaken, and that the University is sending forth men who have not only the insight to see the folly of such an attitude, but the moral courage to increase rather than diminish the points of contact between them and the laboring man.

Let us at the end of this year try to appreciate the extent of our influence upon the country at large, and let us be faithful to our opportunity.

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### *Notes*

One of the pleasing, and yet one of the touching things at the meeting addressed by the British Ambassador to the United States was the tremendous ovation tendered by the students present to the Sage of the Grange, Mr. Goldwin Smith. To the University he has rendered great service. In the city and in the province he has stood always for the highest and truest kind of culture. To his sympathetic consideration many a student has often been a debtor, and it is with feeling of intense pride in him and of great gratitude for the strength so long permitted him that the undergraduate of Toronto University beholds the presence and hears the voice of Goldwin Smith.



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The students of Victoria and all friends of our College, in fact, the whole Methodist Church, will sympathize with the honored Secretary of Education on the sorrow which has entered his household. Those who remember Mrs. Potts in the days of her health and active work recall the ability and piety with which she discharged the duties of her home and of a minister's wife. After a long affliction, now that God has taken her to Himself, the brightness of those former days will be a consoling memory to the bereaved family, who will have the kindly thoughts and prayers of many attached friends.

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# Personals

and

# Exchanges

## *Jubilee Celebration*

THE first birthday anniversary is a significant event in the life of a child. With a widened conception of time, it scorns the narrow limits of weeks and months, and measures its existence in the larger units of years. Forsooth, it is the same childish delight that a society or organization feels when it steps across the fifty-year mark, and henceforth, with a happy disdain of years, or even decades, reckons its age in centuries. Be this as it may, the fact remains that this year, which marks the fiftieth milestone in the history of the Union Literary Society of Victoria College, did not pass unnoticed. In brief, the event was duly celebrated by a grand reunion held in Alumni Hall on Friday evening, March 22, 1907.

To say the least, it was a great success. Over sixty graduates from Toronto and other parts of Ontario, gathered in Alumni Hall, as they were wont to gather years ago. We were particularly fortunate in being able to welcome to the reunion some of those who, in their undergraduate days, fifty years ago, took a prominent part in the organization and the early life of the society, and the reunion meeting recalled some bright and interesting reminiscences of College days.

The undergraduates assembled in full force at 8 o'clock, and soon after the graduates marched in, while the boys sang lustily the old College song, "My Father Sent me to Victoria." After a hearty vote of welcome from the society, Chancellor Burwash was asked to take the chair, and the meeting was given over to the graduates. Chancellor Burwash, who is the only living member of the committee which framed the constitution of the society, gave an interesting account of the organization and of life at Cobourg away back in the fifties. Hon. Mr. Justice B. M. Britton ('56) related some very interesting incidents, and recalled some of the practical jokes they played. In one instance the boys

arranged a banquet in honor of Prof. Campbell and a lady with whom Prof. Campbell was, as they thought, deeply in love. Imagine the Professor's consternation as he and the lady marched in to the strains of "The Campbells Are Coming." Hon Mr. Justice J. J. MacLaren, '62, spoke of the benefit that the meetings of the "Lit." had been to him. Dr. Harry Hough, '63, who must have been the "funny man" of his class, said the reunion made him feel like a boy again, and, indeed, it did freshen up many pleasing remembrances of College days down in old Cobourg. He recalled some of their Hallowe'en hallucinations, one of which he had immortalized in a poem, "Ode to a Departed Friend," which he still preserves as a standing "monument" to his poetic genius. In conclusion, he frankly confessed, "Whatever greatness I have achieved, I owe it all to Victoria College and the Literary Society." Rev. E. L. Rupert, '61, and Rev. Wm. McDonagh, of Stratford, two of the society's first vice-presidents, were on the platform with Chancellor Burwash, and gave very interesting accounts of the early days. Dr. A. H. Reynar, '62, struck a happy note when he said that, great as were former times, they were not better than these. Dr. Bain, Dr. Meacham, Messrs. Metcalfe and Willmott also spoke briefly.

An interesting feature of the meeting was the exhibition of the complete records and minutes of the society since its organization. Conspicuous among them are the beautifully written minutes of the year 1860, which bear the signature of Harry Hough, Recording Secretary. Chancellor Burwash called on Mr. Hough to read a sample record from them, much to the delight of the audience. The photos of the graduating classes on the walls of Alumni Hall, grouped in decades, proved very interesting to the graduates, who sought out the old familiar faces of their classmates.

After the programme all repaired to Jackson Hall, where a social hour was spent together renewing old acquaintances and talking of "the days that are no more." The pleasant meeting was brought to a close with the old-time College yells and the singing of "The Old Ontario Strand" and "Auld Lang Syne," and with the hope that the old society should continue to grow and prosper during the next fifty years as it has in the past, so that fifty years hence many of us, if spared, may celebrate together its centenary.

L. N. R., '07.

*Personals*

A NUMBER of our graduates, engaged in the teaching profession, attended the convention held at Varsity during the first week of April and took the opportunity of visiting again the scenes of former triumphs. We were glad to meet them again and learn of the successes attending them in their chosen field of work. Among those present we noted the following:

H. W. Brownlee, '04, at present Principal of one of the Ottawa Public Schools.

Miss Carrie Jickling, '05, teacher of Classics in the St. Mary's High School.

C. Parker, '04, teacher of Moderns at Vankleek Hill.

"Plato" Brown, '06, smiling as ever, Classical master at Vankleek Hill.

J. W. Cantelon, '04, Mathematical master of the High School at Georgetown.

Ernest Cleaver, '04, student at Johns Hopkins University.

George Ferguson, Classical master at Perth High School.

At the annual dinner of the University of Toronto Club, of New York, held on January 31st, at the Hotel Astor, it was a Victoria College boy who was selected to respond to the toast of "Canada;" this was E. R. L. Gould, '84, one time professor in Johns Hopkins, City Chamberlain of New York under the Seth Low administration, and now President of the Thirty-fourth Street National Bank. He is one of the prominent public men of New York City, being specially interested in problems for the better housing of the poor, and, indeed, he is foremost in all good work.

Mr. J. A. Spenceley, B.A., has been elected President of the class of '05, in the vacancy caused by the death of the late T. P. Campbell. The ballot was conducted by mail.

Reginald A. Daly, '91, B.S.C., Ph.D. (Harvard), has been appointed to the chair of Geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, the most famous Applied Science college on the continent. As an undergraduate in the old Victoria days Reginald was a prime favorite. After graduation he taught mathematics for one year in Victoria, helping Dr. Bain to get

higher mathematics into the brains of Freshmen. He then went to Harvard, where he had a very successful career, capturing scholarships and fellowships, and graduated with the degree of Ph.D. in geology and geography. After a year abroad as traveling fellow, he returned to Harvard, and became instructor in physical geography. This he held until the Dominion Government induced him to return to become a member of the International Boundary Commission engaged in finding the boundary between Canada and the United States. There is no Canadian better equipped in his chosen field, and while it is one of the highest compliments to be asked to the "Tech.," Canada will grudge him. Daly has always been a Victoria man, a College man, and a great credit to Victoria.

Many of the present undergraduates of Victoria were recently given the privilege of personal contact with Mr. Geo. H. Locke, '93, who gave an interesting talk at one of the Lit. meetings. At that time Mr. Locke was a member of the editorial staff of the great Boston publishing house of Ginn & Co. In the interim he has been called to be Dean of the Faculty of Education in Macdonald College, of McGill University. Although but thirty-six years of age, Mr. Locke has already so distinguished himself in various fields as to justify the McGill authorities in seeking his services. After graduation from Victoria he acted as Fellow in Ancient History and Greek in his Alma Mater for two years. Taking the degrees of M.A. and Bachelor of Pedagogy in Toronto, in 1896, he went to Chicago University, where he was given the first Fellowship in the Faculty of Education. The following is a list of the positions which he has since held: Instructor in the History and Art of Teaching, at Harvard; Instructor, Professor and finally Dean of the Faculty of Education, at Chicago University; Editor of the *School Review*. In 1905 he accepted the responsible position which he has just left for the attractive work of presiding over the Faculty of Education at McGill. His further success will be confidently anticipated by his many Victoria friends.

Albert College, Belleville, was opened in July, 1857, so that this year completes the 50th year in its history. It is proposed to celebrate the event in June of this year. Efforts are also being made to erect a new residence entirely for young ladies, to be

called the "Carman Hall," to commemorate Dr. Carman's long connection with this school and also the 50th year of his ministry.

As our printer slaps his mallet for the last time we are still one day in advance of the farewell reception to be tendered by the classes of '05 and '06 to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Connolly, who leave Toronto *en route* for Japan on the evening of Friday, the 5th of April. The Sphinx refuses to give up his secrets, and as we have been unable as yet to master the journalistic art of writing up things before they have occurred, we are compelled to withhold from this issue any account of the festivities. To Mr. and Mrs. Connolly, who sail on the 19th inst. from Vancouver, we tender our heartiest wishes for a pleasant voyage and for the success of their work in Japan.

The morning paper also brings the news of the appointment of Mr. Geo. W. Sparling, B.A., '06 (Wesley), to China, as a member of the contingent which leaves for the East in the fall of this year. At Victoria, George has made many friends, who will join with us in wishing him great success in the attempt to impart life-giving knowledge to the mind of the ununderstandable Oriental.

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### Obituaries

ALFRED AUGUSTUS STOCKTON, D.C.L., LL.D., M.P.

THE death of Dr. Stockton, which took place at Ottawa on the 15th of March, 1907, has awakened deep sorrow wherever he was known. For several days after the announcement of his death the public journals of the Dominion gave large space to eulogies of his life and character, and to tributes of appreciation of his commanding talents and eminent public services. The following is a brief summary of the leading events in his career:

Dr. Stockton was born at Studholm, N.B., in 1842. He entered the Mount Allison Academy in 1859, and graduated from the University in 1864 with the B.A. degree, taking his M.A. degree three years later. He was admitted to the bar in 1868. He took the law course at Victoria University, which conferred upon him the degree of LL.B. in 1867, and that of LL.D. in 1887. He won

the degree of Ph.D. from the Illinois Wesleyan University in 1883, and the following year that of D.C.L. from the University of Mount Allison.

From 1868 to the time of his death he practised his profession in the City of St. John. He soon attained an eminent position in all the courts, and was regarded as an authority upon constitutional and maritime law. He is the author of a treatise on Admiralty law, and of several other legal productions.

From 1883 to 1899 Dr. Stockton was a member of the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly as a representative of the City of St. John. During the last ten years of this period he was the chosen leader of his party in Opposition. In 1904 he was elected to the Dominion Parliament, in which he at once took a prominent position, recognized on both sides of the House as an earnest thinker, an eloquent speaker, a masterly debater, and a man faithful to his convictions.

But although distinguished and honored in his professional and public life, Dr. Stockton's memory will be cherished most for the earnestness of his character, the purity of his life, the fidelity of his friendship, his manly qualities, and his unselfish efforts for the betterment of society and the welfare of humanity.

As a consistent member of the Methodist Church he was a strong supporter of all her missionary and philanthropic enterprises, yet his sympathies were not limited by denominational lines. In a truly catholic spirit he was ever ready to co-operate with all who were anxious to promote moral reforms and safeguard the sanctity of the home and purity of social and civic life.

The high esteem in which he was held by the citizens of St. John was shown by the immense concourse in attendance at his funeral obsequies. Centenary Church, one of the largest in the city, was filled by a sympathetic company. Few eyes in the large assembly were unmoistened as Dr. Howard Sprague, a life-long friend and college companion, delivered over the lifeless form an address which for classic beauty and touching pathos could not be excelled.

The career of Dr. Stockton may well be held forth as a pattern and a stimulus to young men aspiring to seek and follow the best and highest in life.

J. R. I.

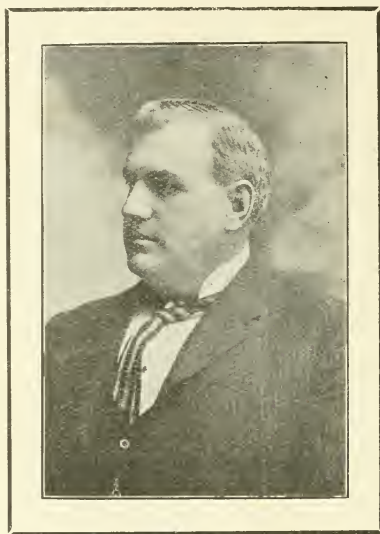
Fredericton, March 30, 1907.



THE HON. J. W. ST. JOHN, M.A., M.P.P.,

SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

For the past fortnight many thousands of the citizens of this country have been asking night and morning, "How is Mr. St. John?" The most interested and anxious of these inquirers were those who claimed him as an old college friend. His old friends were, many of them, his strenuous opponents in politics, but they were none the less his friends, and always happy to meet him,



THE HON. J. W. ST. JOHN, M.A., M.P.P.

sorry to part from him, and happy to meet again. To-day the sad word goes out that he has passed beyond the veil, and that the sound of his cheery voice is forever still, and the clasp of his brotherly hand may no more be felt.

A fortnight ago, on March 24th, Mr. St. John underwent an operation for appendicitis of a very grave nature. From the immediate effects of the operation he rallied in the most satisfac-

tory manner, and the confident hope was held that he would soon be able to take up his important work again. But another malady—diabetes—from which he had been suffering for some time, took advantage of his weakness after the operation, and made such rapid and fatal progress that the week of recovery and hope was followed by a week of anxiety, which deepened for the last few days into despair. The end came on Sunday, April 7th. At two o'clock in the morning he became unconscious, and about noon he sank into the last long sleep.

Mr. St. John was born on the 17th of July, 1854, in the Township of Brock, Ont. He had the usual public school elementary training. He had the rare advantage of farm life and work on the homestead till his twenty-first year. His High School training he received at Uxbridge and Cobourg. In 1877 he became an undergraduate at Victoria University, where he graduated in Arts in 1881. At his graduation he took the highest standing in his course and thus carried off the Wilson Memorial Scholarship in astronomy. He received his M.A. in course in 1884. At the time of his death he was a member of the Senate of Victoria.

This brief summary of the events of his college career by no means represents his college life. The college life is not recorded in the book of minutes, but in the hearts of men. And the love and honor he received in life and now receives in death from his fellow-students are of even higher worth than the degrees in scholarship awarded by the Senate of the University. Of two things only we may speak here to illustrate the manner of man he was. His full and hearty physical life was seen in his stalwart performances on the football team, and also in other memorable achievements, as in tossing the caber, etc. The other thing here to be mentioned is of his spiritual life. Here, too, he was stalwart as in the physical life. The Student Volunteer Movement began when Mr. St. John was a student. He threw himself into it in his usual whole-souled way, and, with a number of his fellows, volunteered for foreign missionary service. They responded to the call for service by saying: "Here am I, send me." But the times were not yet ripe, and the Church was not yet ready to send them. "Inasmuch as it was in their hearts" to go at the Master's call had the way opened, we cannot doubt that they will have their reward.

After his graduation in Arts, Mr. St. John became a law student in the office of Blake, Lash & Cassels, Toronto. He was admitted an attorney in 1884, and called to the bar in 1894. At the time of his decease he was the senior partner of the law firm of St. John & Kappele.

The following summary of Mr. St. John's political career is taken from the *Mail and Empire*:—

"An ardent Liberal-Conservative and an excellent public speaker, Mr. St. John made his first appearance on the public platform in 1888 in support of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, in West York. In 1892 he was Liberal-Conservative candidate for the Ontario Assembly in the same constituency, and at the general elections for the Local Legislature in 1894 he defeated the Liberal candidate, Mr. W. J. Hill. In 1898 he was less fortunate in a contest with the same opponent in the same constituency, and suffered defeat by the small minority of 35. In the general elections of 1902 for West York, against Mr. Hill again, and for the same legislative body, Mr. St. John was successfully returned by the large majority of 419.

"From the very beginning of his Parliamentary career, Mr. St. John took a prominent part in the debates of the Assembly, and he soon won recognition as one of the strongest and most ready debaters in the House. In 1905, when the Conservative party swept the province, Mr. St. John was one of the successful candidates, and on Mr. Whitney forming his Government, he was selected, with universal approbation, as the most fitting member to fill the high and onerous position of Speaker. During the two years in which he held that office there never was a question raised as to the fairness of his decisions, and he commanded the respect equally of both sides of the House."

The following tribute to the character and worth of Mr. St. John is taken from the *Toronto Globe*, the organ politically opposed to Mr. St. John's party. It will be found as generous as the estimate of his friends:—

"Mr. St. John was one of the biggest men in the Legislature—tall, broad-shouldered and very heavily built. He nevertheless carried himself well, and was always alert and quick in his movements. As Speaker, he was a decided success. He had mastered the rules of procedure with thoroughness, was prompt and fair in his rulings, when such were called for, and kept the

House well in hand during debates. Mr. St. John followed the course—which only one or two Speakers before him had adopted, of learning the prayers with which the daily sessions of the House are opened, by heart, and reciting instead of reading them. He had a full, round voice, and he delivered the prayers with becoming dignity and impressiveness. During his term as Speaker he entertained quite frequently in his chambers at the Parliament Buildings. Himself a strong temperance man, he was quite consistent in maintaining his principles in that regard, and there were no wines or other intoxicants at his dinners to members of the House or anyone else. As an entertainer he was a host in himself, having a fund of capital stories, which he related with excellent effect. With the members of both sides of the House he was quite popular, and his demise will be deeply regretted by all of them."

The stand taken by Mr. St. John on the temperance question may be taken as a characteristic one. His good nature was not as the so-called good nature of some men—an easy and lazy concession to anything and everything. At the back of his good nature there was a good heart and good principle. And if in the game of life he came into the way of a thing essentially wrong, then the moral stalwart had to be reckoned with, even as the old Campus found him strong to do his duty.

To Mrs. St. John and her fatherless children no words will be sweeter than those which are heard everywhere to-day—words of genuine grief and unstinted appreciation of the manliness and the goodness of the one whose voice is stilled. To them we can say only this, that in no place do these find more sincere or more willing expression than in the halls of his Alma Mater.



REV. FREDERICK W. LANGFORD, B.A., B.D.

We regret to have to record the death of Rev. Frederick W. Langford, B.A. ('89), B.D. ('92), at his home in Calgary, Alta., at the early age of 38 years. Mr. Langford was son of the Rev. Alexander Langford, D.D., of Stratford, and brother of Prof. A. L. Langford and Mrs. N. W. Rowell, of this city. His College career was unusually bright and full of promise. His fellow-students of those years remember him as a good student, as a prominent member of the Literary Society, where he had few equals in debate, and as a leader in athletic sports, having been

captain of the first football team in his Senior year. After graduation he entered the ministry, and was stationed successively at Barrie, Toronto, Gravenhurst and Calgary. In 1893 he married Miss Annie Burwash, B.A., daughter of Rev. Dr. John Burwash. Twelve years ago his health failed, and it was hoped that his removal to the far western Province of Alberta would result in a permanent recovery. He held for five years the pastorate of the church in Calgary, doing splendid service, and greatly esteemed and loved by all, but was then compelled by growing weakness to retire from the active work of the ministry. He was a preacher of great clearness and force, and a most energetic and faithful pastor, loyal to the highest interests of the church of his choice. Genial and generous, a lover of his kind, a brave man, who, without complaining or loss of faith, bore steadfastly for many years the burden of failing health, who found nevertheless opportunity of useful labor until the very last days of his life—such a man was Fred. Langford. "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward." To his widow and her four sons and the other sorrowing friends ACTA would extend sincere sympathy and condolence.



Another of our graduates who passed recently into the great unknown is Mr. E. S. Howard, B.A., of Owen Sound, the eldest son of Rev. E. E. Howard, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, who was a cousin of the late Dr. Badgely. Mr. Howard entered College in 1888, and graduated with the Class of '92, taking honors in English. As there was no Normal College in those days, he took his professional training at the Guelph High School, and at once entered the teaching profession, being engaged from that time until his death in High School work. His death occurred at Owen Sound, where he had been teaching for some time. We extend our sincere sympathy to the relatives of deceased.

At Little Britain, on Friday, April 5th, the mother of one of our students, Mr. W. Ernest Honey, '09, passed into the unknown land. Mrs. Honey has been a sufferer for some two years, and several times during the present term her death has been expected. To her, death was a release from physical suffering, but on her sorrowing family the loss of her loved presence will fall heavily. To those who mourn ACTA extends the sincere sympathy of the students of Victoria.



## *Locals*



COATSWORTH, '08, and Oldham, '08, were at the "grand opera" the other day, and were taken for ushers. "Coat" assures us that the fellow was drunk and "seeing double." Someone suggests that that was how he was able to distinguish the two of them.

Miss M—k—d, '07—"I never knew till the other day that that was a meteorite in front of the ladies' study. I always thought it was a huge fungus."

Miss L—nd—n—, '07—"This year I was councillor on the Tennis Club, leader of field hockey, and captain of the Bible study. Pretty sporty, eh?"

Miss G—b—d, '08—"Doesn't Rosey Wright remind you of Sir Galahad—he has such a pure, innocent face?"

It was noised abroad that the annual Bob Committee elections would be held on March 14 in Dr. Bell's lecture-room. Now the usual custom is for the ever-present Sophomore to find out all he can about this important election—and this year was no exception. So a little knot of naughty-niners, after perfuming the flues with red pepper, sauntered up to the door of the lecture-room and began to "call out" the Freshmen as they entered.

The Freshman's character may be a strange admixture of enthusiasm and of "that verdant greenness of which the University stands in need." It may be, likewise, of a humble, docile nature. But there are limits to all endurance, and the last straw seemed to have been applied by the Sophs. For, with one accord, the infuriated Freshmen poured out on all sides, and, seizing the startled second year men, carried, pulled and dragged them down to the regions below. The Freshies were so intent on the good work that, after sliding Clement, '09, down the banister, they seized a white-haired Freshman and carried him off in triumph, not knowing till they reached the tap that they had borne away a changeling. The scenes were transferred to the taps downstairs, where many strange sounds were heard and stranger sights were seen.

And when the fight was over and the spray of the battle-field had settled, the Freshies went away rejoicing, with seven dripping scalps at their belt. The class meeting was not further molested, and it is reported that only one Bob Committee was elected this year.

*The Sequel—Act II.—Next Morning.*

All was solemnity and reverent silence in the college chapel. The morning sunlight shone through the stained glass windows on Dr. Wallace as he remarked: "Lord, help all those who are in distress!"

Then were heard strange and terrible sounds from the basement, and the Freshies, scenting the battle from afar, chafed in their seats. And well they might, for their valiant men were in the relentless grasp of their old-time foes—the Sophs.

Someone (it is whispered that it was a Junior) had posted a list of the Bob Committee-elect, and had added to the name of Lester Green "third time." Another wag had observed, "Cheer up, Freshie, you may get on the next one." This was too much for some of the brave Freshies, and they removed the objectionable sign. Then commenced a great and notable conflict. Four or five Freshies were hustled to the tap and were administered the "water cure."

All was again quiet when down came the Freshies from prayers, and the battle raged once more. Stove pipes, hats, gowns and other bric-a-brac flew indiscriminately. And when the fight was over and the spray of the battle-field had settled the Sophomores went away rejoicing, carrying the scalps of nine Freshmen at their belts.

*Spray from the Scrap.*

McKenzie, '09 (pale and still rather dishevelled, speaking of the "scrap," March 14)—"It doubtless afforded amusement for the spectators." To this we have a reply as follows: "If the gentleman was referring to the crowd of Freshettes in the gallery, he may rest assured that the efforts of himself and colleagues to be entertaining were fully appreciated. (Signed) Freshette."

Miss M—ll—r, '10 (after the scrimmage)—"If my brother Moore has any more bumps on him than before, he will be a funny-looking object."



Jenkins, '07, who was a delegate at O. A. C. conversat, reports that he found a spot there which, on account of an occurrence during the Glee Club tour, is called "St. Clement's Pool."

Young lady (at Church of England "At Home")—"You belong to this church, I suppose."

Vic. Man—"Oh, no! I'm a Victoria man—a Methodist."

Young lady—"Oh, that's awful! Are you going into the ministry." On being assured that such was not the case, she exclaimed: "Oh, well, that's not so bad."

Dr. Reynar (at English lecture *re* mosquitoes)—"They come out as pollywogs, and then develop into flies." Evidently Dr. Reynar's strong point is not zoology.

Steele, '08 (after hearing Oliver, '10, tell a "huge" story—"That must be true. I've heard my father tell that."

A smile, broadening to a laugh, passed over the faces of the men at the winding-up meeting of the Alma Mater, when the treasurer read the following item: "Teddy Moore's funeral expenses, \$4.25."

At the same meeting, after the statement of the ladies had been read about refraining from attending Senior Dinner with the men, Heman Armstrong remarked: "I consider that a polite way of the ladies telling us they wouldn't come any more."

Baker, '07 (discussing Whitby tennis tournament)—"If anyone wants to know when Dominion Day is, it is the 24th of May."

Collis, '08, had been telling a story to a knot of men, when another man approached. He was greeted with the startling statement: "Collis made a joke!" The aforementioned new arrival naturally inquired: "What's the joke?" He was assured that "that was the joke." [Dear Reader, do you see it?—Ed.]

Rathman, '07 (at the Princess)—"I really feel more at home here than at Victoria College." To which sentiment not a few theologues might say, "Amen."

Armstrong, '07—"Climbing so many steps is hard on the heart."

According to the Senior prophecy June is to see—but we will not divulge.

Miss B—rg—s, '07 (at Senior reception, as Teddy rose to sing)—“Oh, this will be a love song. Mr. Moore never sings anything but love songs.”

Geo. A. King, '07—“Oh, I do lots of things worse for the heart than this.”

A touching story is told of a B.D. not so very far from Victoria College. The gentleman wished to remember his young lady friend on her birthday, and so told the florist to send twenty of his most beautiful roses to a certain address. He enclosed a little verse like unto this:

“Congratulations to you, my dear;

Each budding rose stands for a year.”

The florist, being very obliging with good customers, added ten or more on his own account. We believe that explanations followed later.

Dr. Edgar had been speaking of Balzac's intimate knowledge of woman's character, although a recluse. After the lecture Rathman, '07, confided to a friend: “You see, it is not necessary to associate with them to know what they are.”

The leader of the Government was late for Lit. recently, and as a result the Cabinet business was somewhat delayed. Someone remarked that the gentleman in question had “bigger” schemes on hand than the Lit.

Richardson, '07 (speaking of Senior dinner resolution from the ladies)—“I would like to see a committee from both the ladies and men students appointed, to see if they could not arrive at an *armistice*.”

The final meeting of the Union Literary Society was held on March 23. The officers for the coming year were elected, and the Seniors were allowed to indulge in farewell speech-making. These addresses were mostly reminiscent, but now and again the reverend Seniors assumed a wise and knowing look and gave a few “tips” to the Junior years. When the Local Ed. was not too much carried away by the eloquence and copious helpings of advice, he noted a few thoughts:

Ford—“The farther in the course you go, you'll need more Sunday car tickets.”

“I've been an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile.”

Jenkins—"In the first class meeting I looked around and said 'I'm just as green as the rest of you.' But I don't know whether that's true or not."

There was a great deal of metaphorical and mental slapping on the back when Mr. Jenkins said: "There is not a man in Vic. not worth knowing."

Davy Wren told how his friends had always advised him to "hitch his wagon to a star," but on coming to college he hitched his wagon to two stars, and not to his advantage, either. Davy related an experience of his Freshman days, when, seeing a gentleman walking towards the room where his next lecture was, he linked arms with him, afterwards discovering that the Freshman in question was Professor Lang.

The business manager of ACTA stated that a great deal of his glory in his first two years was due to the similarity of his name to G. A. King, '07. The president then told of an election in which one of the ladies distinctly asked if it was the "fair-haired King" who was running. After hearing this, Mr. King rose and asked "if he might have the lady's name—in private, of course."

Hal Woodsworth told of his first day at college. He was looking around for someone who, like himself, wasn't working. He found Joe Rutledge. They lay down under a tree, and "have been doing it ever since." Hal assured his hearers, however, that "when he came to college he had some good intentions."

Joe Rutledge remarked that he could have gotten through college with less work, "because Hal Woodsworth has."

Teddy Moore, '07 (at Lit. elections, as scrutineers entered with results of elections)—"I guess I can stop the story right here."

Armstrong, '07—"Thank you very much."

C. J. Ford, '07 (to Dr. Davidson during lecture)—"Do you really think Elijah lived for forty days on food provided by the angels?"

Dr. Davidson—"Well, you see, Mr. Ford, it may have been 'angel cake.'"

Okell, '07—"When I first saw Dr. Cleaver I was feeding hogs at Chilliwack, B.C."

Senior—"You were the Prodigal Son, were you?"

On March 27 the Women's Literary Society bade a fond farewell to the Seniors who had graced it with their presence for four short years. The Seniors, from their store of wisdom, gave words of caution and advice, or indulged in reminiscences of Freshman days. One of these, which referred to Madame President, we must divulge. Miss Macrae had always been noted for her "bump of locality," and one day she undertook to guide Miss Birnie to the library. After a short walk they entered a building where the staring male element was alarmingly predominant, so you can guess it was the School of Practical Science. Miss Pinel, '08, in a very pleasing and expressive manner, sang the Senior song, and Miss Baird, '08, who accompanied her, brought down the house by her clever interludes. The Sophomores added their little mite to the general entertainment by ringing in some rather good hits to the old classic tune, "By the Light of the Moon." At the close Miss Macrae was presented with a University pin as a token of the Society's appreciation of her services, and Miss Landon, '07, on behalf of the Senior Class, presented the undergraduates with a beautiful picture, which, as it hangs in the ladies' study, may remind them of that class, "which had been an ornament to their college." The serious business over, the Seniors were invited to remain, and in a few minutes all was feasting and revelry. Then all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," and gave the college yells, and '07 had taken its formal leave of the Literary Society.

Miss G—ge, '07—"We were very fearful, very unsophisticated, more so than any other class."

Miss B—n—e, '07, told how her Demosthenes' ambitions had been crushed by an unfortunate laugh when, as a quavering Freshman, she had seconded a nomination, not a motion. "Don't laugh at the first efforts of budding genius."

Miss I,—d—n, '07 (in the midst of her speech)—"There, I've forgotten my speech, and now I can't read my writing."

Miss C—ke, '09—"I'm going to have a perfect roof-garden of a hat. It has flowers and grass on it, and to complete the effect I think I will have a few shrubs and a pine tree or two added."

Albright, '08 (speaking of ladies' elections)—"Who was elected for President of the Women's Lit.? The election wasn't over when I left."

G. B. King—"A thing I left strictly alone—the ladies."

F. Owen, '07, has handed in the following as his contribution for the Muses' collection plate:

"O ghosts of Shelley and of Keats!  
Here languishing upon these seats  
We sit. Oh, noble spirits,  
If aught ye think of our low merits,  
Relieve us from this spell,  
This veritable H—  
Of lectures."

A Freshman named John Morris (so the story goes) called at "The Annex" on the Thursday evening before the Senior dinner. He was informed that it was not calling night, but that if his mission was very important, the rules might be suspended for his benefit. Mr. Morris assured the matron that his business *was* important. He was ushered into a large room. In a few moments our Freshman was startled by the sound of a gong—but he held his ground. It proved to be a summons to gymnastic exercise in this same large room, and—exit Morris, precipitously.

The following are some of the choice and favorite expressions of the Class of '07. Can you identify any of the owners?

"I was pretty nearly over the bay."

"Ah! go on."

"You lobster."

"Oh! joy."

"That'll make it nice for you."

"To a certain extent."

"What in the deuce!"

"Fiddle-dee."

"My heavenly home."

"Oh! glory."

"I nearly died."

"I never laughed so much in my life before."

"Oh! Jerusalem."

"Wouldn't that jar you?"

"Darn you."

"Great Caesar!"



# *Athletics*



## *Another View*

FOR many years there has been complaint that "*esprit de corps*" is dead or dormant in Toronto University, and the general cause alleged is that the enthusiasm which ought to show itself in work for the University as a whole, is centred in the more narrow interests of the faculty or college. In no other sphere of activity has this been more keenly felt than in athletics—the more general expression of student energies. To bring about this union, as well as to discover and develop latent talent, inter-faculty cups have been offered in Rugby, Association, and Hockey. This scheme has been in a measure successful, many of the brightest stars having been secured to championship teams from among that large number who come to college without a reputation, or with a modesty that prevents their openly aspiring to a place on a University team. But often we see the inter-faculty contests become an end rather than the means when the faculty withdraws its men to practise for this series alone. The proper place to train a man for a Mulock Cup game is on the University campus, where he will learn more of the game and serve his University as well as his college. All those interested in athletics at "Varsity" can remember many men, particularly from Victoria College, whose presence might have turned the scale in favor of the University team in an intercollegiate game, but who did not appear till the end of the season in an inter-faculty match.

JOHN T. MACCURDY.

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## *Notes*

A VERY full and enthusiastic meeting of the Tennis Club took place on Thursday, March 20. The secretary's report showed a very creditable standing for the past year. It was decided that the club would hold the annual tournament at Whitby, if possible, and, among other matters of discussion, a recommendation was brought in to the effect that it would be

advisable to have the two grass courts on the west side of the lawn converted into cinder courts, and to have two other grass courts formed on the east side, in order to accommodate the needs of the ever-increasing numbers of devotees of the game. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Professor Lang; President, E. G. Sanders; Vice-President, Miss C. W. McLaren; Secretary-Treasurer, M. A. Miller; Assistant Secretary, J. McCamus; A. U. Representative, C. B. Kelly; Counselors, Miss Grange, Miss Spencer, G. Rutledge, J. K. Oakley.



The supporters of association football held their annual meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year on Friday, March 21, the results of which are as follows: President, I. W. Kilpatrick; Captain (first team), W. N. Courtice; Captain (second team), E. E. Domm; Secretary-Treasurer, T. C. Colwell; Business Manager, O. Jewett.



Next season's Rugby affairs will be directed by the following officers: Hon. President, Professor L. E. Horning; President, J. B. Lamb; Captain, J. E. Lovering; Secretary, R. Gundy; Manager, E. G. Sanders. The interest taken in Rugby affairs was well shown by the large attendance at the meeting and the discussion of matters relating to the game, the chief of which was the suggestion that we try to practise as much as possible on the Varsity campus with the University teams.



It has been strongly recommended as a means of strengthening the Rugby team that our players should practise as much as possible on the University campus. Some objection has been raised to this plan, on the ground that it will tend to break up the strong College spirit, and that our best men will be taken to fill places on the University teams, leaving our college team practically useless. Now, we are always ready and glad to send our best to the University, but it is open to question if the College team will be injured thereby. Past events have shown that it is not men we lack so much as thorough training, and where can this be had so well as on the campus with old, experienced and successful players? Where else can we gather at once the much-



needed practice, together with a knowledge of useful and efficient tactics? As to weakening the College spirit, we confidently point out the fact that nowhere is it stronger than in those of our men who have already played their part in University athletics. Give it a trial.



Baseball, which has for several years been in a rather decadent state among our sports, is blossoming out again in vigorous fashion, and bids fair to equal, if not surpass, the good old days when Victoria could put a very creditable team on the diamond. The baseball enthusiasts have been out to practise this spring almost with the first robin, and with a good organization are trying to develop this branch of athletics into a vigorous condition. Matches will be arranged, if possible, with other colleges. The Board of Management are: Hon. President, Professor Langford; President, R. Pearson, B.A.; Manager, G. Rutledge; Captain, A. E. Black.



The students of Victoria are reminded that there is a Rifle Association in the University of Toronto. It offers very liberal inducements to its members to learn the art of rifle shooting. No one will deny that every man in Canada ought to be at least a fair shot with a rifle. To this end the Government has established these Rifle Associations. The fee is \$1, half of which is refunded at the end of the season. Rifle and a large quantity of ammunition are supplied free, the member is sent to the ranges and back at Government expense, and he is encouraged in every possible way to acquire this art. All students of Victoria are encouraged to join. Anyone wishing information can obtain it from Mr. Forster, Chemical Building, or Jas. E. Horning, '09, Victoria.



The following are the officers of V. C. A. C. for 1907-08: Hon. President, Miss Helen Graham, '07; President, Miss K. Bearman, '08; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss F. Crane, '09; Fourth Year Representative, Miss P. Mason, '08; Third Year Representative, Miss G. Grange, '09; Second Year Representative, Miss P. Davidson, '10; Basket-ball Captain, Miss L. Denne, '09; Field Hockey Captain, Miss A. Spencer, '09; Ice Captain, Miss G. Maclaren, '09.

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
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Right opposite the "Chimes," KING STREET EAST  
J. COOMBES, Mgr.